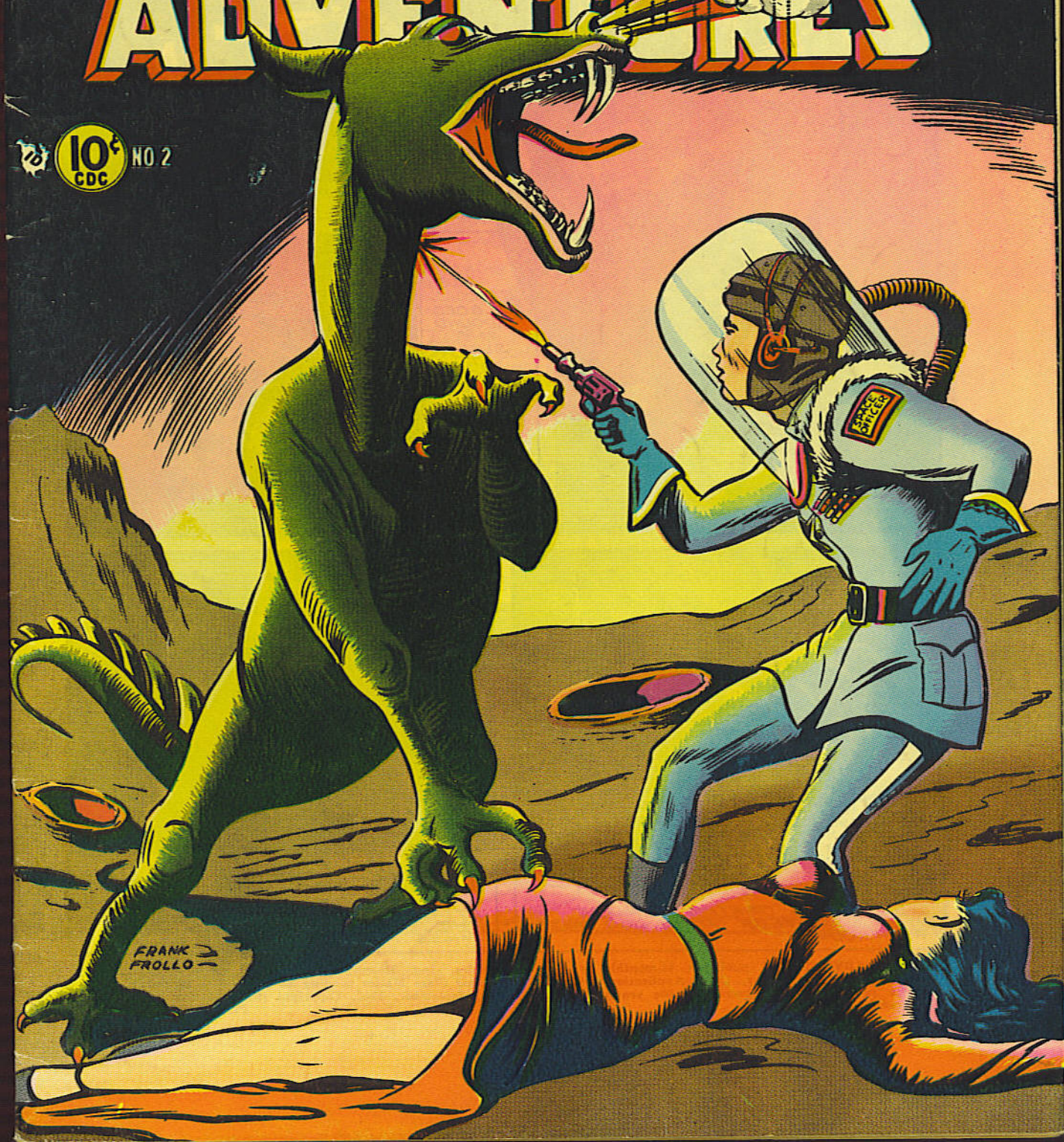


SPACE ADVENTURES

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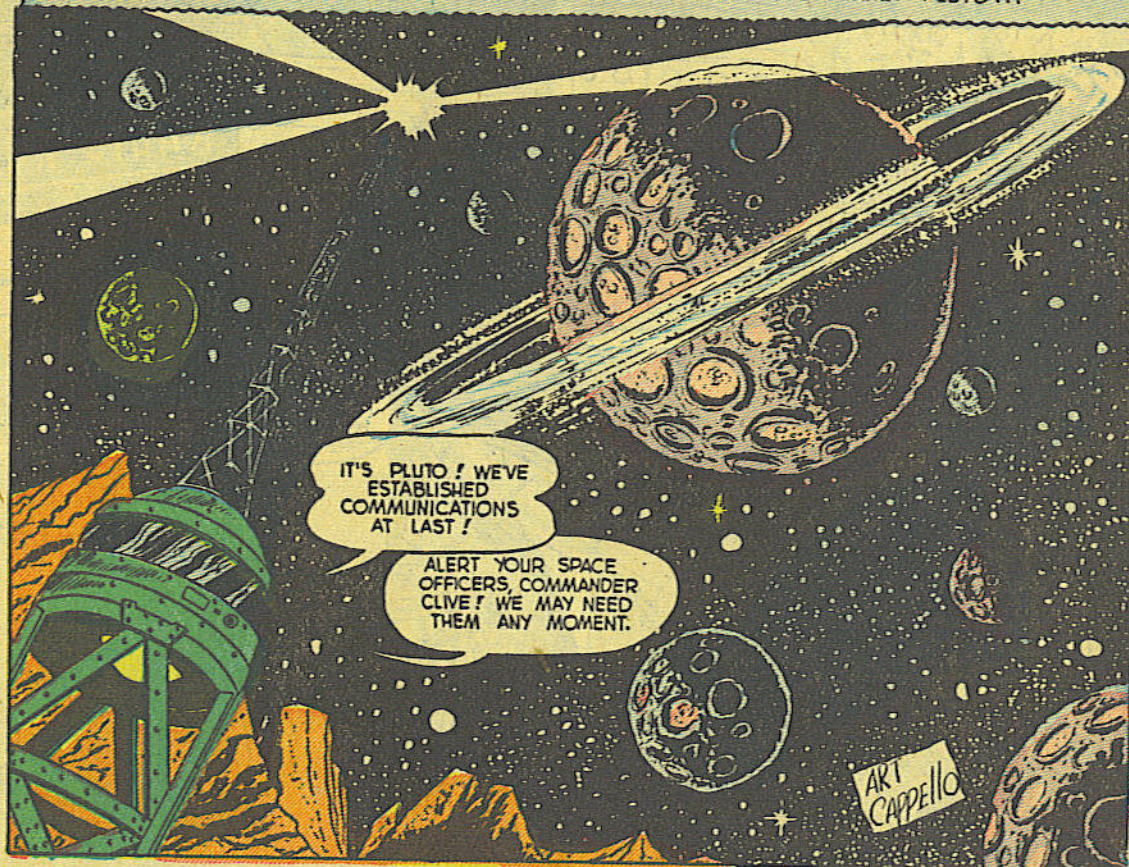


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SPACE ADVENTURES

Operation PLUTO

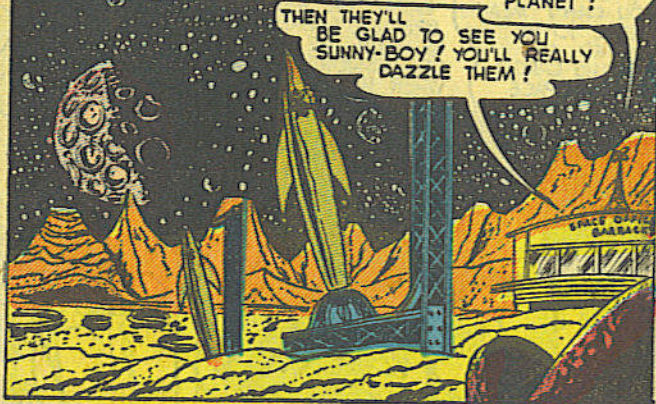
ON TITAN, LARGEST OF SATURN'S SATELLITES AND ONE OF THE MIGHTIEST MOONS IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM, STRANGE SIGNALS ARE RECEIVED FROM THE PLANET PLUTO...



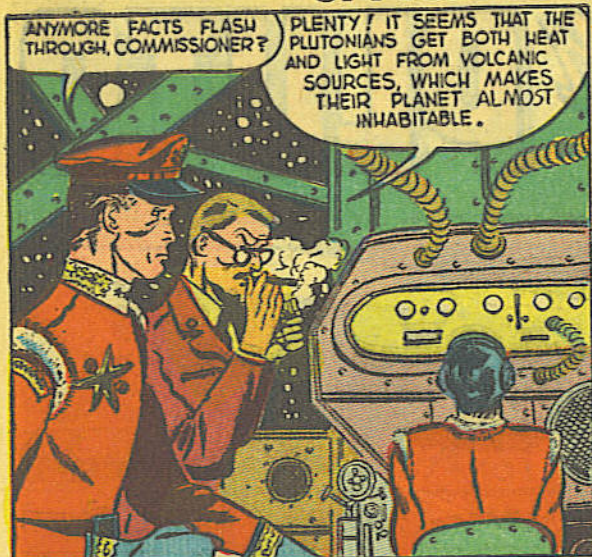
ATTENTION ALL HANDS! WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FLASH FROM PLUTO. SPACE TRADERS WHO DRIFTED THERE SAY THAT REMOTE PLANET IS INHABITED, SO PREPARE FOR AN IMMEDIATE DEPARTURE!



PLUTO! WOW! AT A MILLION MILES AN HOUR WE'LL STILL BE MONTHS GETTING THERE! IT'S SO DISTANT, THEY CALL IT THE SUNLESS PLANET!



SPACE ADVENTURES



ANYMORE FACTS FLASH THROUGH, COMMISSIONER?

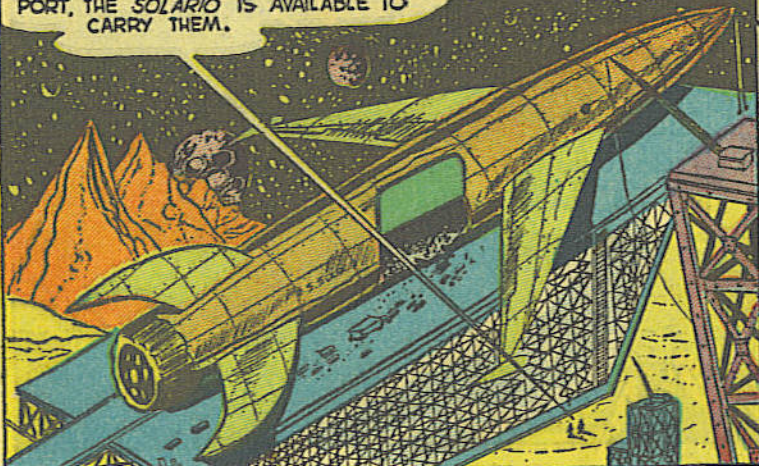
PLENTY! IT SEEMS THAT THE PLUTONIANS GET BOTH HEAT AND LIGHT FROM VOLCANIC SOURCES, WHICH MAKES THEIR PLANET ALMOST INHABITABLE.

GOOD! WHEN DO MY OFFICERS TAKE OFF?

NOT FOR A WHILE YET. THE TRADERS ARE SENDING A LIST OF NECESSARY ITEMS THAT THEY WANT YOU TO BRING ALONG.



TONS OF SUPPLIES ARE NEEDED TO SET UP A SATISFACTORY BASE ON PLUTO. FORTUNATELY, THIS OLD SPACE TRANSPORT, THE SOLARIO, IS AVAILABLE TO CARRY THEM.



WON'T IT SLOW THE TRIP, COMMISSIONER, IF MY SQUADRON HAD TO CONVOY THE SOLARIO?

IT PROBABLY WOULD, SO FOR THAT REASON YOU AND YOUR OFFICERS WILL GO ABOARD THE SOLARIO INSTEAD OF IN YOUR SCOUTCRAFT.



LATER...

BUT REX... YOU CAN'T MEAN WE'RE TO BE SHIPPED AS SURPLUS CARGO IN THAT SPACE PACKET?

I DO, SPEED. AND AS ADJUTANT, YOU'RE TO BREAK THE NEWS. BESIDES, I WANT TO BE WITH THE COMMISSIONER WHEN HE HEARS THE REACTION!



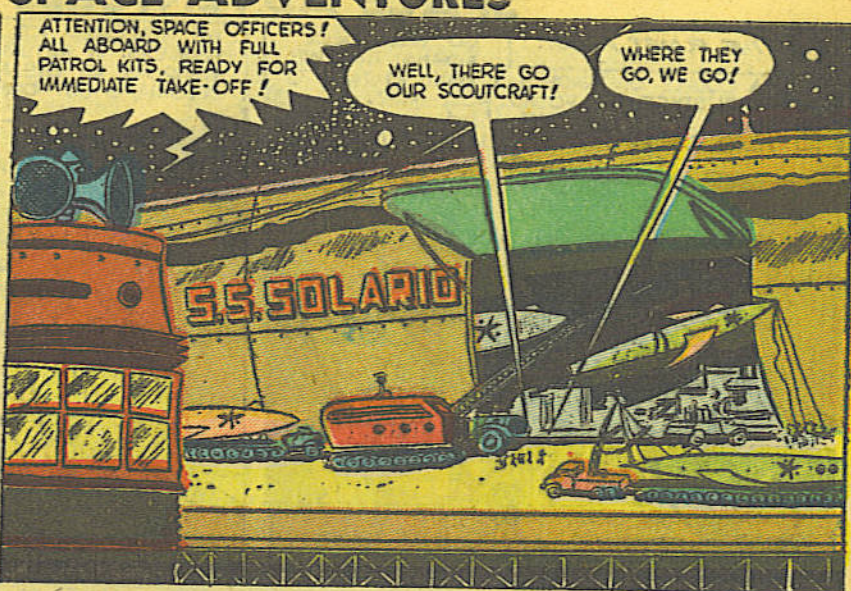
AND THAT'S THAT, MEN!

SAY! OUR JOB IS TO PATROL SPACE... NOT GET SHIPPED ALL OVER IT!

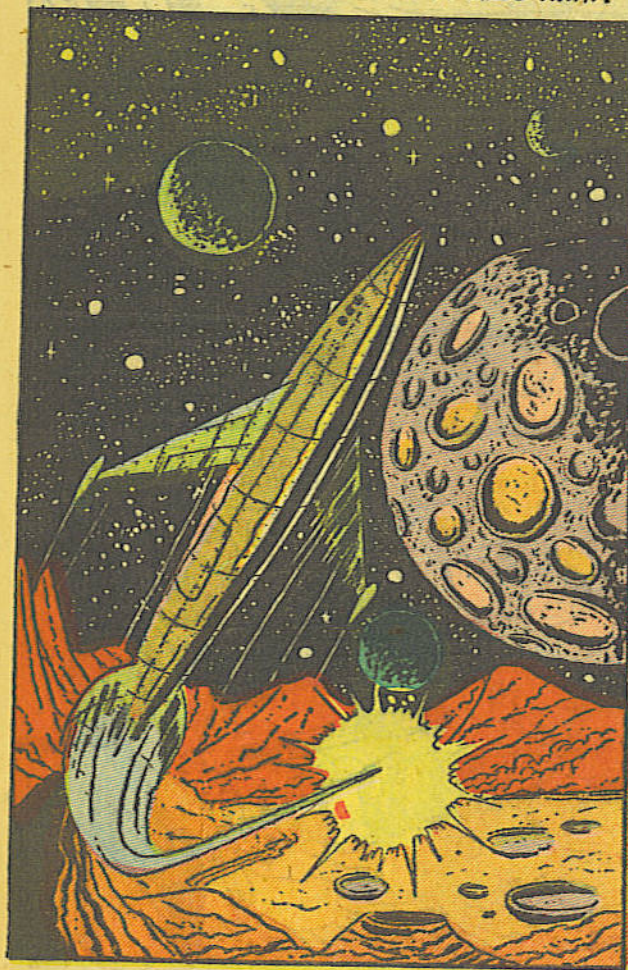
YOU SEE COMMISSIONER? MY MEN DON'T LIKE IT!



SPACE ADVENTURES



JETS AWAY! FROM THE MIGHTY MOON, TITIAN, THE SOLARIO IS OFF! PAST MAMMOTH SATURN, ON TOWARD VENUS AND NEPTUNE. THE SPACE TRANSPORT FOLLOWS THE LONG, LONG TRAIL TO SUNLESS PLUTO, NEARLY 3,000,000,000 EARTH MILES AWAY!



WHAT IS THE MYSTERY OF THE THEXITE CARGO? TURN THE PAGE AND LEARN THE ANSWER.

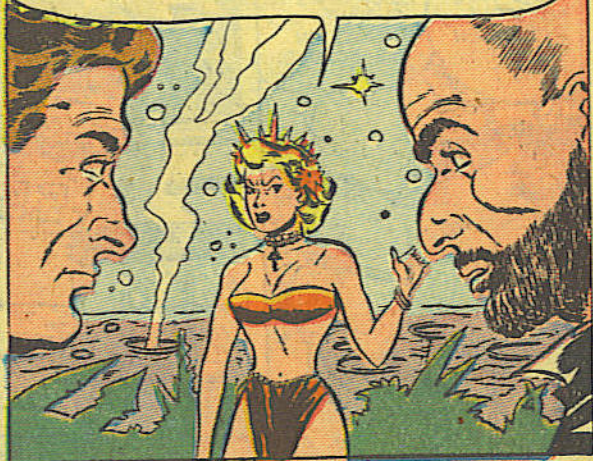
SPACE ADVENTURES

ON THE PLANET PLUTO...

FOR A COUPLE OF TRADERS ADRIPT IN SPACE, WE FOUND SOMETHING SOFT WHEN WE HIT PLUTO, FRIEND GURKUS!

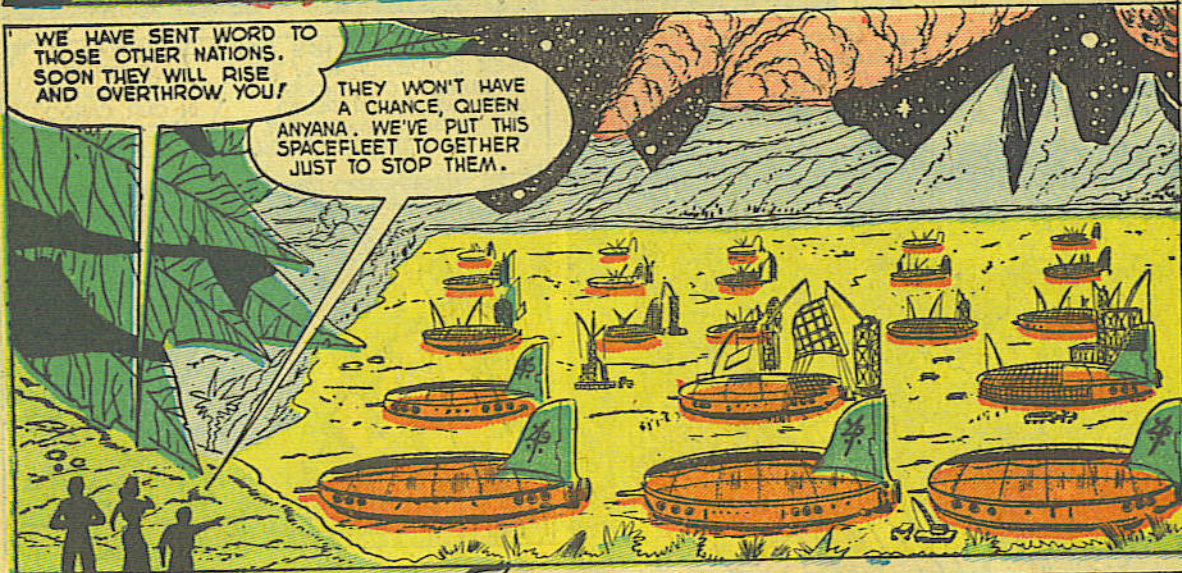
GO TELL QUEEN ANYANA THAT WE WANT TO TALK TO HER.

WE WELCOMED YOU WHEN YOU LANDED HERE HELPLESS. IN RETURN, YOU USED YOUR STRANGE WEAPONS TO ENSLAVE US. BUT MY COUNTRY, DELONIA, IS BUT ONE OF MANY ON THIS PLANET.



WE HAVE SENT WORD TO THOSE OTHER NATIONS. SOON THEY WILL RISE AND OVERTHROW YOU!

THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE, QUEEN ANYANA. WE'VE PUT THIS SPACEFLEET TOGETHER JUST TO STOP THEM.

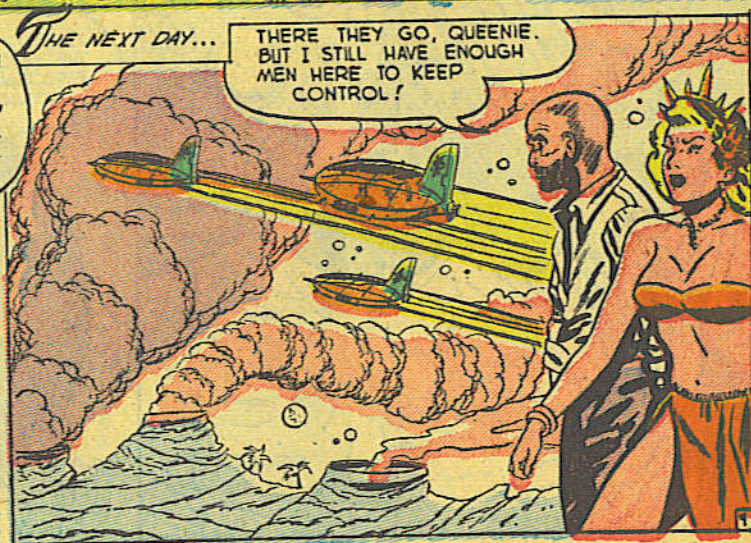


ALL WE NEED ARE SPECIAL SUPPLIES, INCLUDING THEXITE... AND THOSE ARE COMING ON A SPACE PACKET!

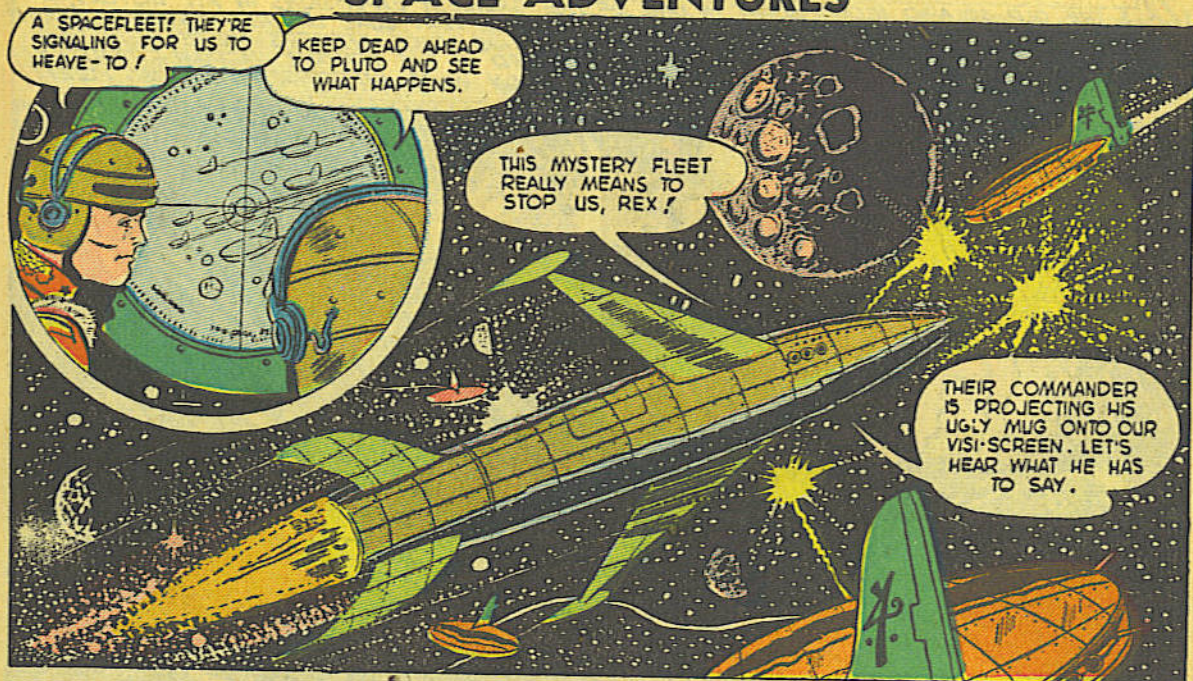
YOU'D BETTER TAKE OFF WITH YOUR FLEET TOMORROW, WIX, AND INTERCEPT THE SOLARIO BEFORE SHE REACHES PLUTO!

THE NEXT DAY...

THERE THEY GO, QUEENIE. BUT I STILL HAVE ENOUGH MEN HERE TO KEEP CONTROL!



SPACE ADVENTURES

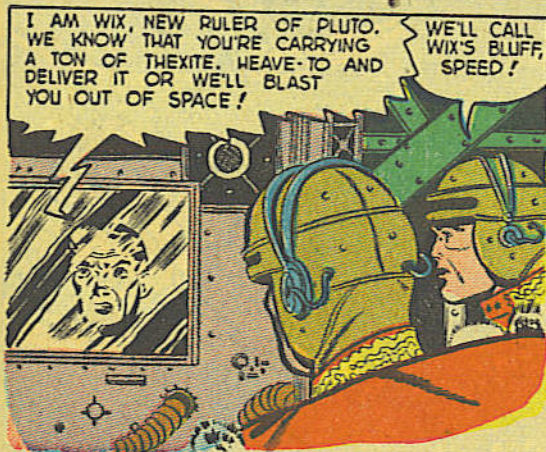


A SPACEFLEET! THEY'RE SIGNALING FOR US TO HEAVE-TO!

KEEP DEAD AHEAD TO PLUTO AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

THIS MYSTERY FLEET REALLY MEANS TO STOP US, REX!

THEIR COMMANDER IS PROJECTING HIS UGLY MUG ONTO OUR VISI-SCREEN. LET'S HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY.



I AM WIX, NEW RULER OF PLUTO. WE KNOW THAT YOU'RE CARRYING A TON OF THEXITE. HEAVE-TO AND DELIVER IT OR WE'LL BLAST YOU OUT OF SPACE!

WE'LL CALL WIX'S BLUFF, SPEED!



ALL SPACE OFFICERS TO THEIR POSTS AS STIPULATED IN EMERGENCY INSTRUCTIONS!

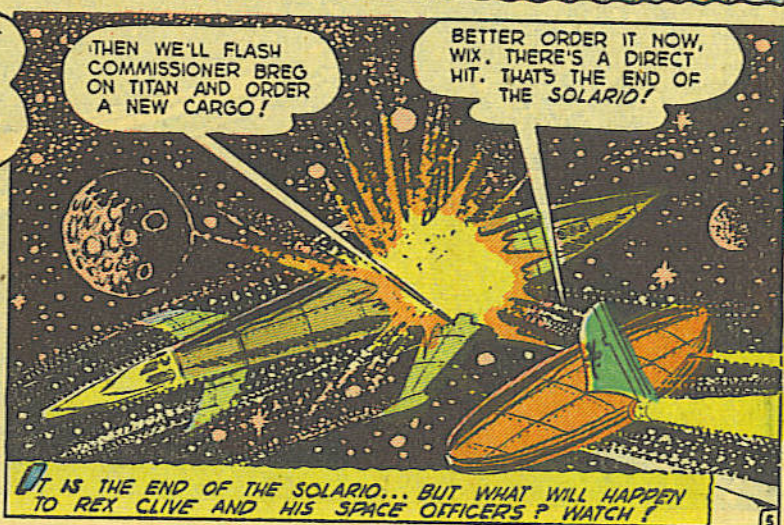
I'LL ANSWER WIX AND THEN JOIN YOU, SPEED.



COMMODORE REX CLIVE OF THE SPACE OFFICERS SPEAKING. OUR ANSWER IS NO!

THINKS HE'LL BLUFF US, DOES HE? ALL RIGHT,

WE'LL **BLAST** THE SOLARIO AND BLAME IT ON HIM!



THEN WE'LL FLASH COMMISSIONER BREG ON TITAN AND ORDER A NEW CARGO!

BETTER ORDER IT NOW, WIX. THERE'S A DIRECT HIT. THAT'S THE END OF THE SOLARIO!

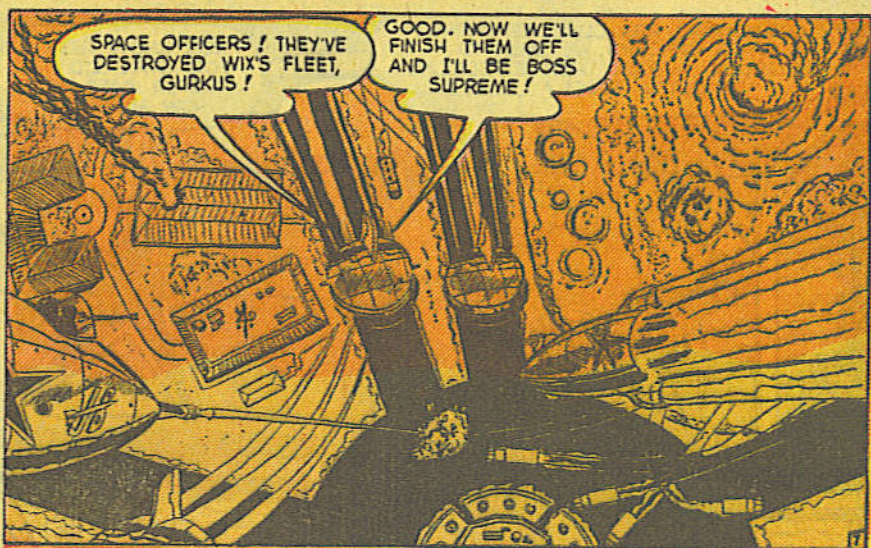
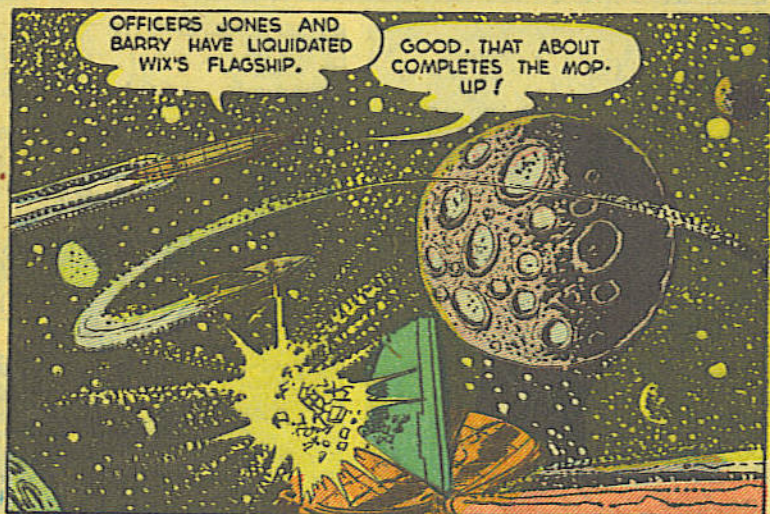
IT IS THE END OF THE SOLARIO... BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO REX CLIVE AND HIS SPACE OFFICERS? WATCH!

SPACE ADVENTURES

AS THE OLD SOLARIO BLOWS APART IN ONE OF THE GREATEST EXPLOSIONS IN ALL HISTORY A SQUADRON OF TINY FIGHTING CRAFT EMERGE FROM THE VERY CORE OF THE TREMENDOUS BLAST! THE POSTS TO WHICH COMMODORE REX CLIVE ORDERED HIS SPACE OFFICERS WERE THEIR OWN SCOUTCRAFT IN THE HOLD OF THE SOLARIO! UNHARMED IN THE CENTRAL VACUUM CREATED BY THE BLAST, REX'S FLAGSHIP NOW LEADS THE ATTACK ON WIX'S IMPROVISED PLUTONIAN FLEET!

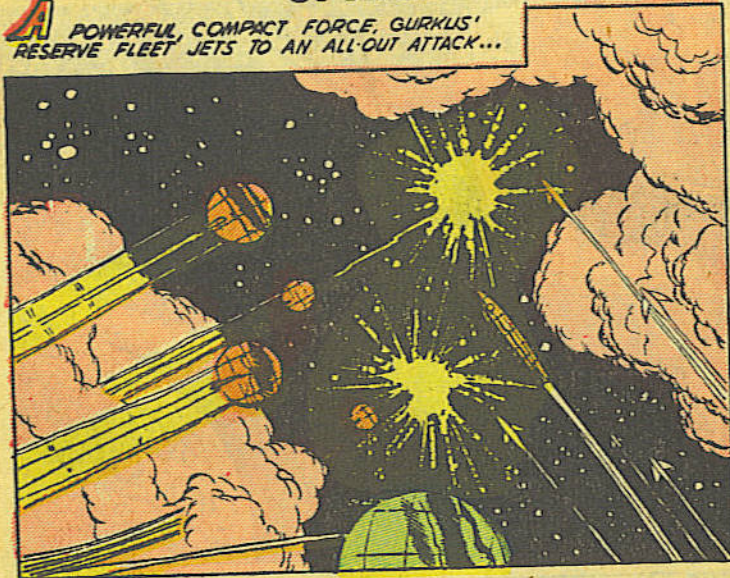


SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES

A POWERFUL, COMPACT FORCE, GURKUS' RESERVE FLEET JETS TO AN ALL-OUT ATTACK...



THEY PACK TOO MUCH WALLOR, REX. WE'VE GOT TO START DODGING!

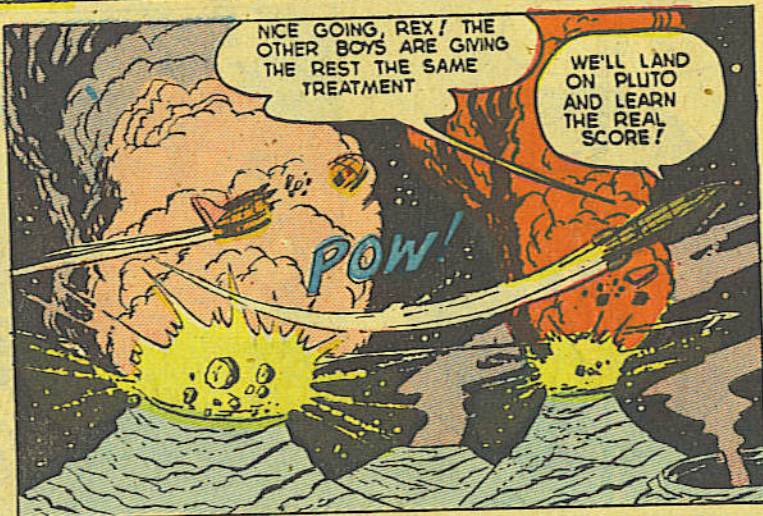
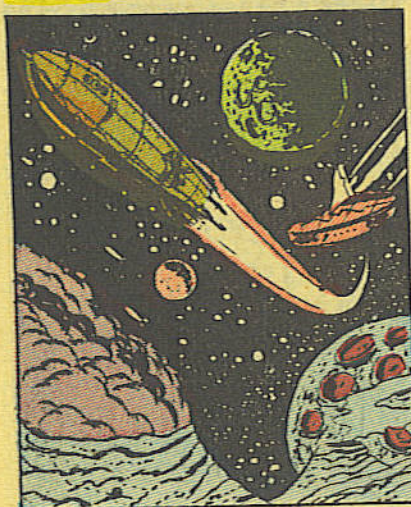
WHY NOT? WE'LL HOP THOSE VOLCANOES AND DROP SOME SPACE EGGS WHEN WE DO.



NICE GOING, REX! THE OTHER BOYS ARE GIVING THE REST THE SAME TREATMENT

WE'LL LAND ON PLUTO AND LEARN THE REAL SCORE!

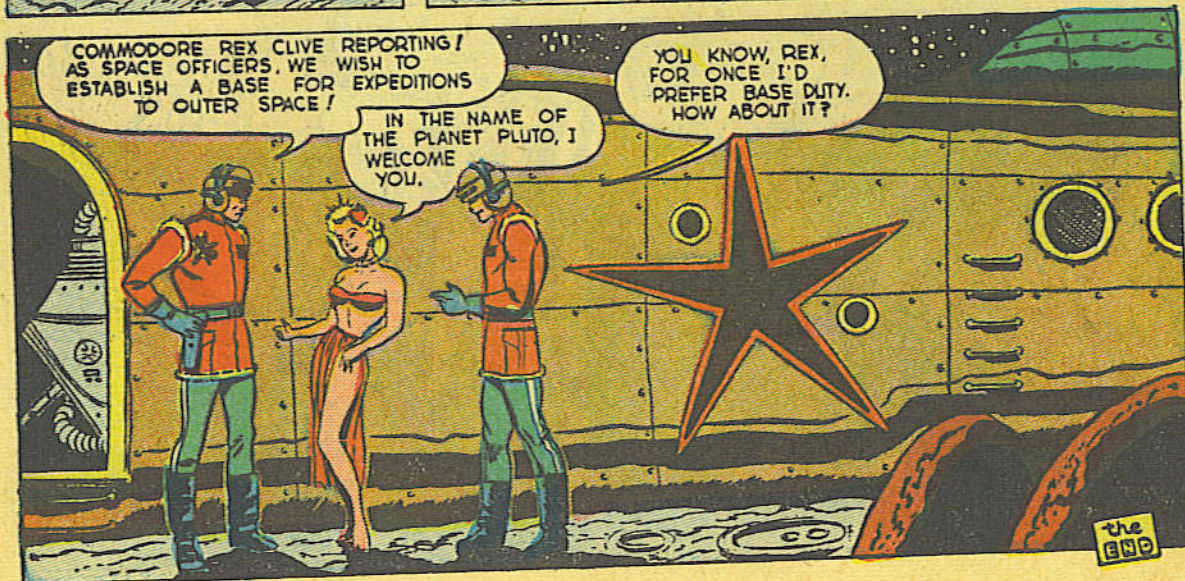
POW!



COMMODORE REX CLIVE REPORTING! AS SPACE OFFICERS, WE WISH TO ESTABLISH A BASE FOR EXPEDITIONS TO OUTER SPACE!

IN THE NAME OF THE PLANET PLUTO, I WELCOME YOU.

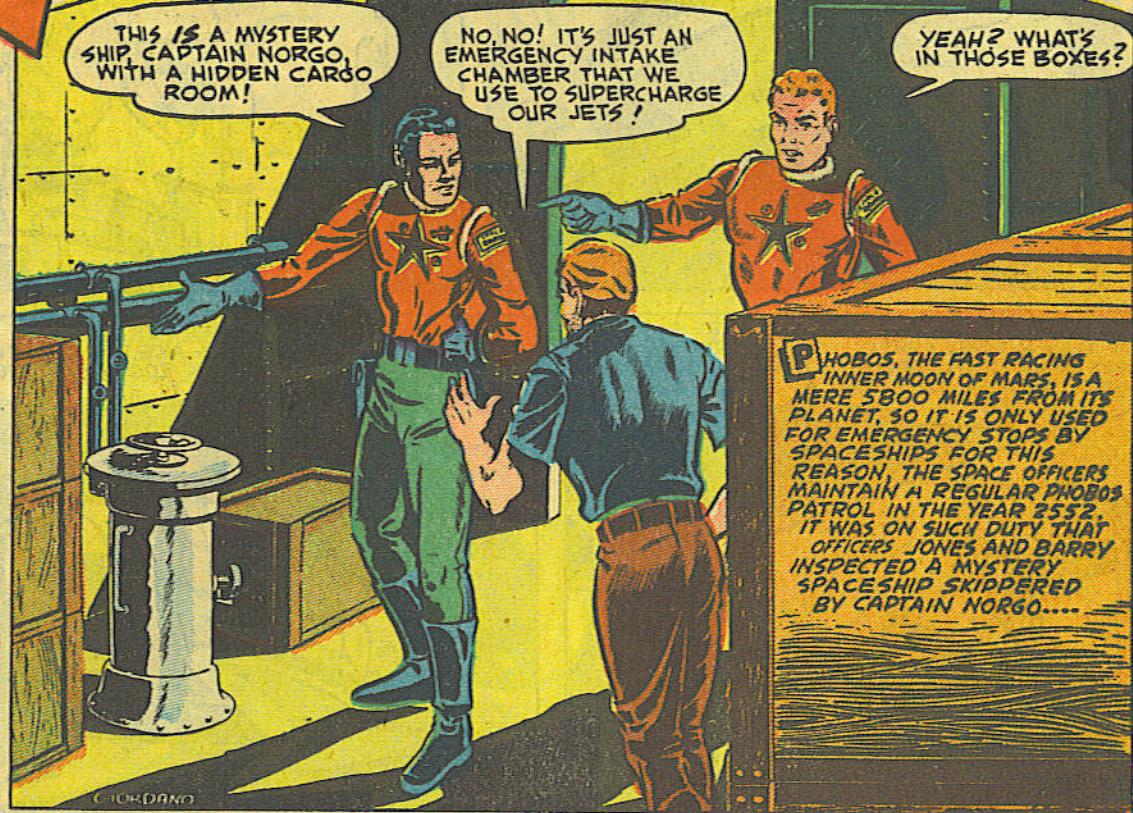
YOU KNOW, REX, FOR ONCE I'D PREFER BASE DUTY. HOW ABOUT IT?



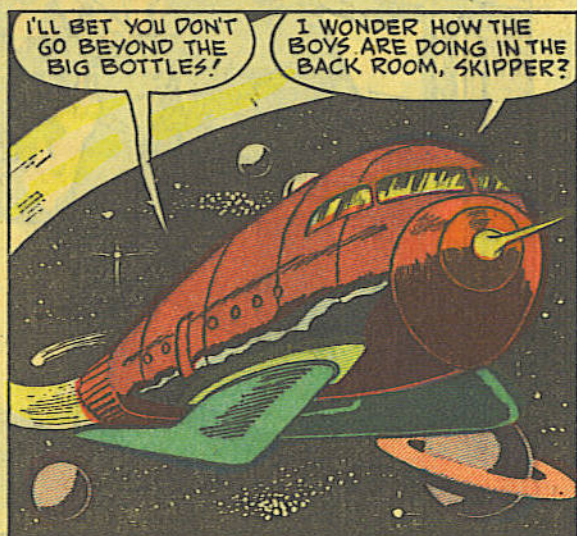
the END

SPACE ADVENTURES

Trouble on Phobos



SPACE ADVENTURES

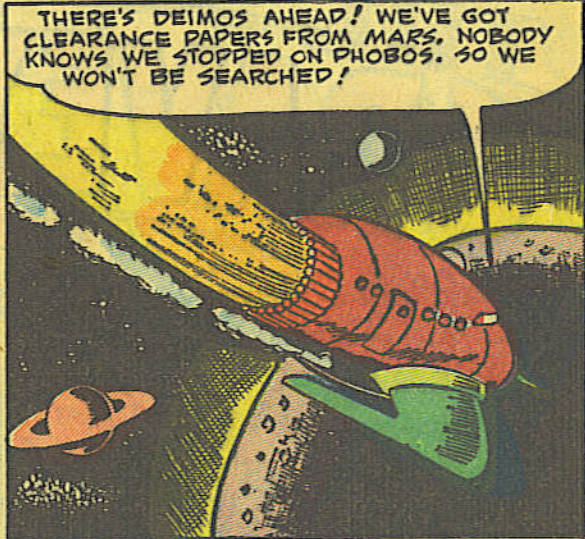


SPACE ADVENTURES



NOW FOR THE FIRST BATCH. ALL BIG ONES. ONE, TWO--

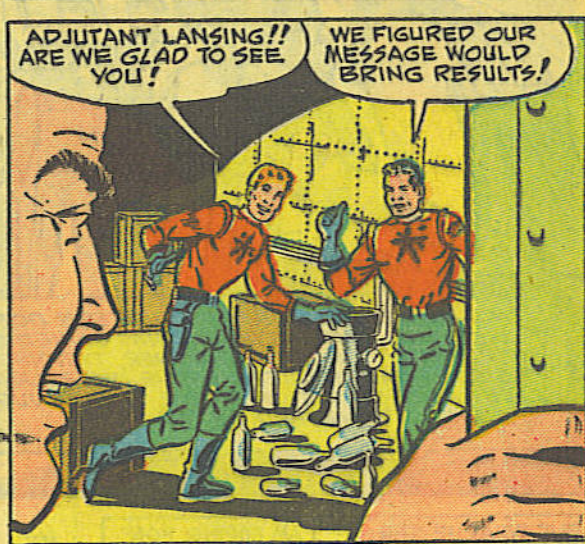
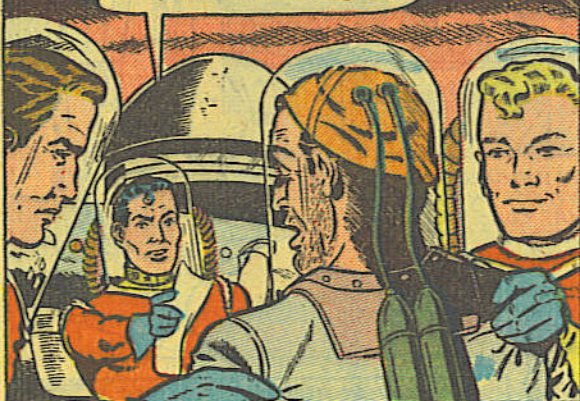
-- AND THREE! LOOK AT THAT FLUVIA VAPORIZE! IT'S MORE POWERFUL THAN ETHER!



THERE'S DEIMOS AHEAD! WE'VE GOT CLEARANCE PAPERS FROM MARS. NOBODY KNOWS WE STOPPED ON PHOBOS. SO WE WON'T BE SEARCHED!

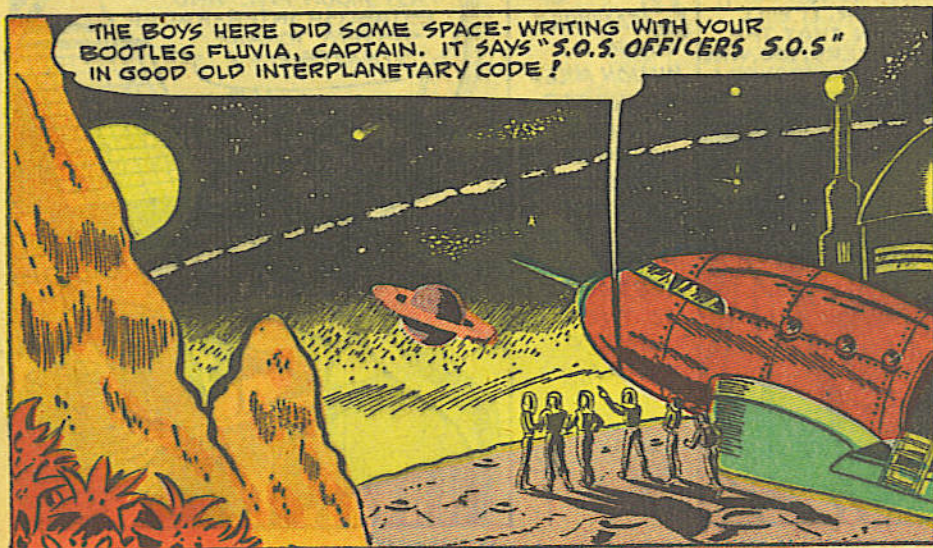
BUT WHEN THE SPACE-TRAMP LANDED ON DEIMOS...

I'M ADJUTANT LANSING OF THE SPACE OFFICERS YOUR CLEARANCE PAPERS ARE NO GOOD, CAPTAIN NORG. HOLD HIM, MEN, WHILE I SEARCH THE SHIP.



ADJUTANT LANSING!! ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

WE FIGURED OUR MESSAGE WOULD BRING RESULTS!



THE BOYS HERE DID SOME SPACE-WRITING WITH YOUR BOOTLEG FLUVIA, CAPTAIN. IT SAYS "S.O.S. OFFICERS S.O.S" IN GOOD OLD INTERPLANETARY CODE!



NO LONGER DOES CAPTAIN NORG PLY THE DARK INTERPLANETARY SKY. HE WAS FOOLED BY HIS OWN FLUVIA!

SPACE ADVENTURES

THE GRAVEYARD OF THE SKY

PUNY PLANETS HAVE GOVERNED THE SOLAR SYSTEM TOO LONG! I SHALL TAKE OVER IN THE NAME OF JUPITER'S MOONS! THIS IS MY DEFIANCE TO ALL OTHER WORLDS!

OUR FALSE RADAR BEAMS HAVE TRAPPED THE STARITANIA. SHE IS CAUGHT WITHIN JUPITER'S GRAVITY ZONE!

ON GANYMEDE, LARGEST OF JUPITER'S DOZEN MOONS, A DICTATOR NAMED TYRANNO HAS GAINED CONTROL IN THE YEAR 2552! DRUNK WITH POWER, TYRANNO HAS CONSIDERED THE STARITANIA, QUEEN OF THE INTERPLANETARY SPACE-FLEET, TO DESTRUCTION ON THE PLANET JUPITER, THE GRAVEYARD OF THE SKY!!!

BUT WHAT IF THE SPACE OFFICERS COME TO THE RESCUE, TYRANNO?

I AM HOPING FOR THAT TO HAPPEN, FODOR. IT WILL MEAN THAT THE OFFICERS, TOO, WILL BE DESTROYED!

MEANWHILE, WITHIN A MILLION MILES OF JUPITER, REX CLIVE AND HIS ENTIRE SPACE SQUADRON HAVE TAKEN THE BAIT AND ARE RACING TO THE LINER'S AID!

FAN AT THIRTY DEGREES PAST MOON FIVE AND ESTABLISH INTER-RADAR SYSTEM TO AID STARITANIA!



SPACE ADVENTURES

TOO LATE, THE SPACE SQUADRON SPREADS TO GUIDE THE STARITANIA TO A SAFER COURSE—LIKE THE SUPER-SPACELINER, THE OFFICERS AND THEIR SCOUTCRAFT ARE CAUGHT IN JUPITER'S PULL!

ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE! KEEP BEAMING, OFFICERS, AND GUIDE THE STARITANIA TO A LANDING ON THE GREAT RED SPOT!

A LANDING ON THE GREAT RED SPOT? IMPOSSIBLE. WE'LL DO BETTER ON OUR OWN!

I'M STELLA DAWN OF THE STARS AND I'VE SEEN COMMODORE CLIVE PULL OUT OF TIGHTER JAMS THAN THIS!

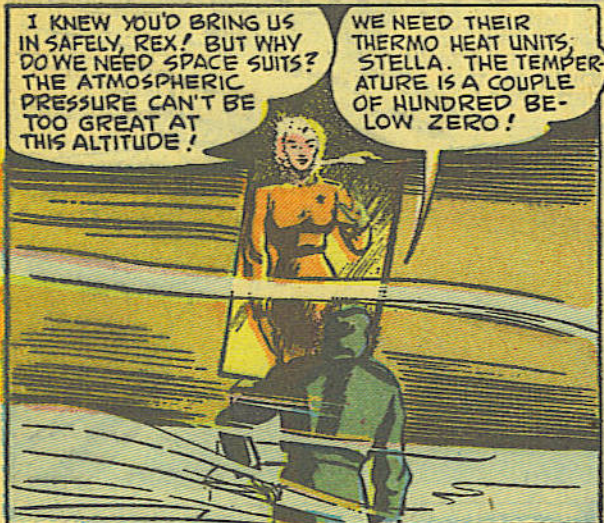
MAYBE SHE'S RIGHT. WE'D BETTER FOLLOW THE SPACE OFFICERS!

THROUGH PARTING CLOUDS, REX SEES THE GREAT RED SPOT...

A CONTINENT FLOATING ON A SEA OF LIQUID GAS, WITH MOUNTAINS HUNDREDS OF MILES HIGH! OUR ONLY BET IS TO LAND ON ONE!

HERE COMES THE REST OF THE SQUADRON, GUIDING THE STARITANIA TO A LANDING. MAYBE THEY CAN EXPLAIN WHAT TOOK THEM OFF THE COURSE!

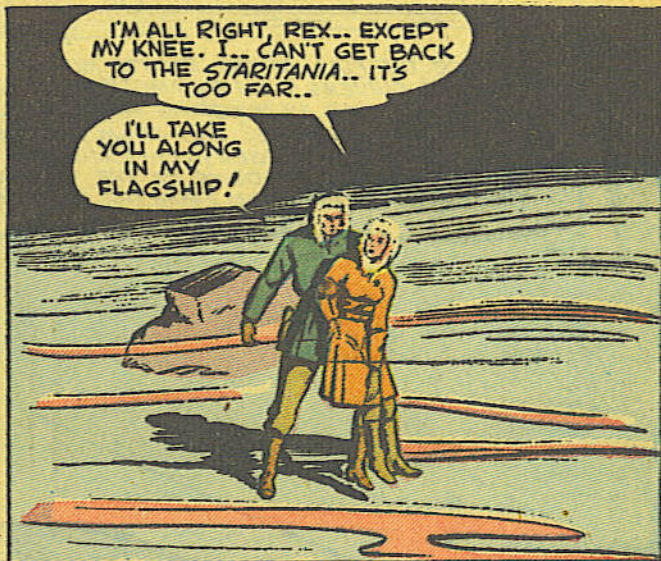
SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES

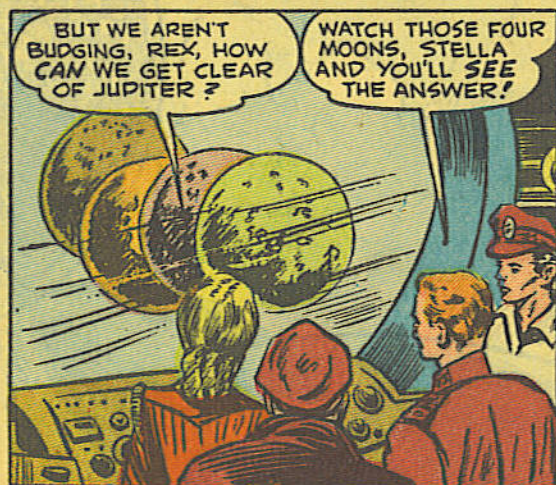


STELLA!
LOOK
OUT!!!



I'M ALL RIGHT, REX... EXCEPT
MY KNEE. I... CAN'T GET BACK
TO THE STARITANIA.. IT'S
TOO FAR..

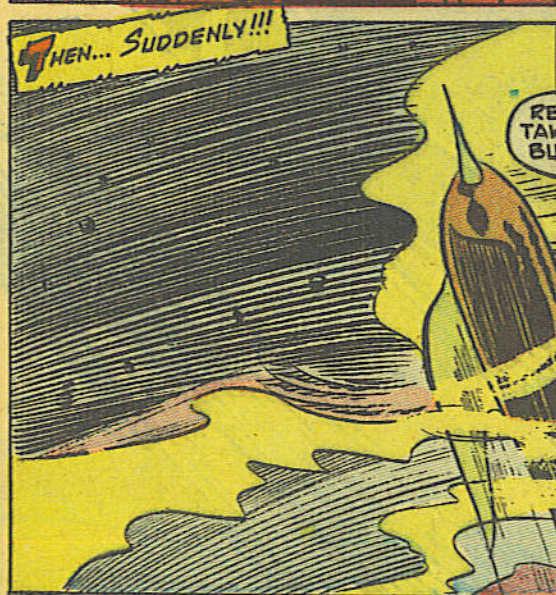
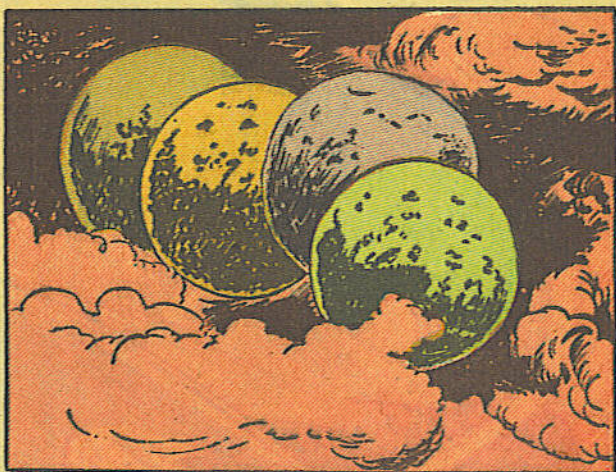
I'LL TAKE
YOU ALONG
IN MY
FLAGSHIP!



BUT WE AREN'T
BUDGING, REX, HOW
CAN WE GET CLEAR
OF JUPITER?

WATCH THOSE FOUR
MOONS, STELLA
AND YOU'LL SEE
THE ANSWER!

AS STELLA WATCHES, THE FOUR GREAT MOONS OF
JUPITER, EUROPA, GANYMEDE AND CALLISTO CROSS
PATHS TO PRODUCE A QUADRUPLE ECLIPSE!

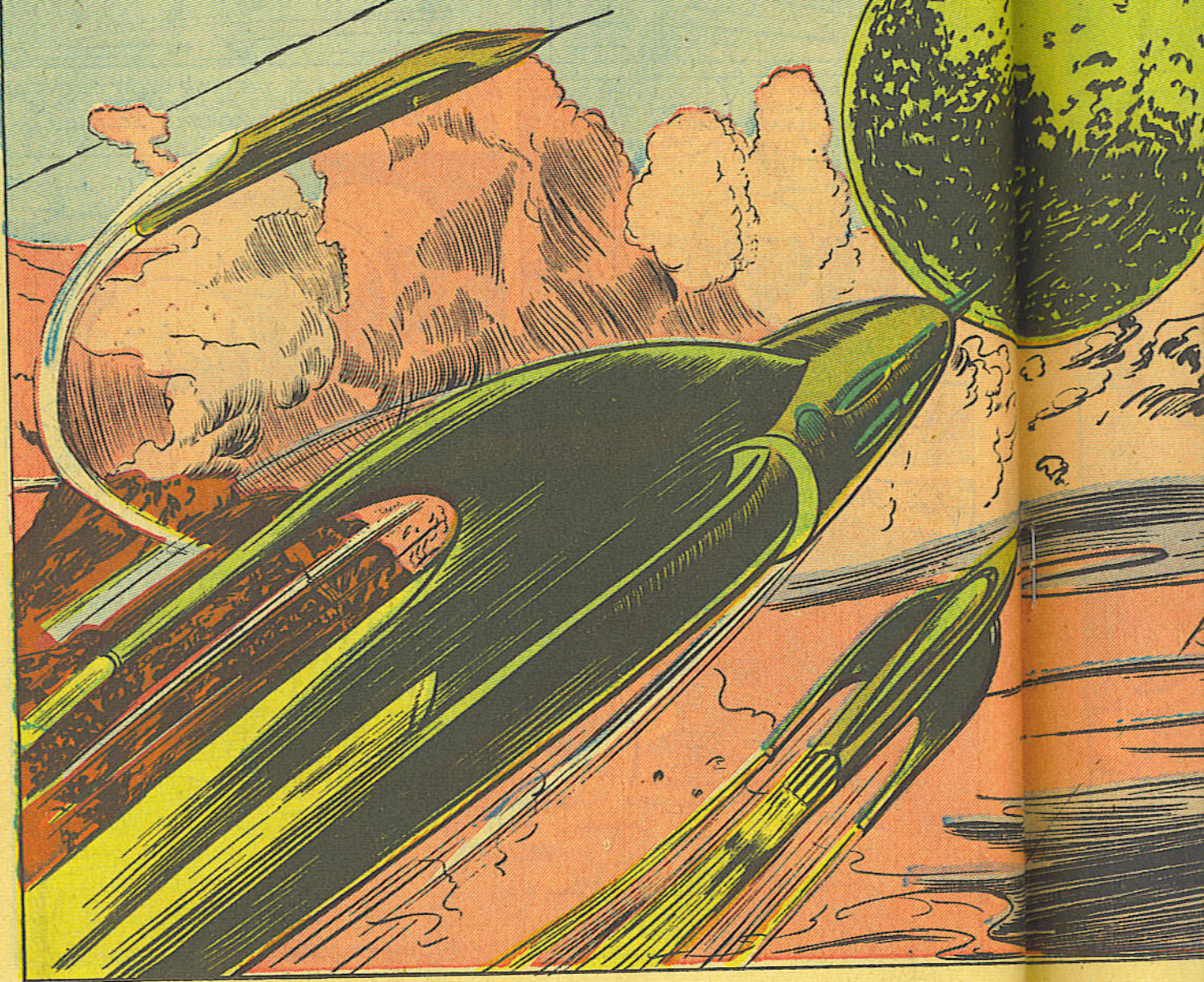


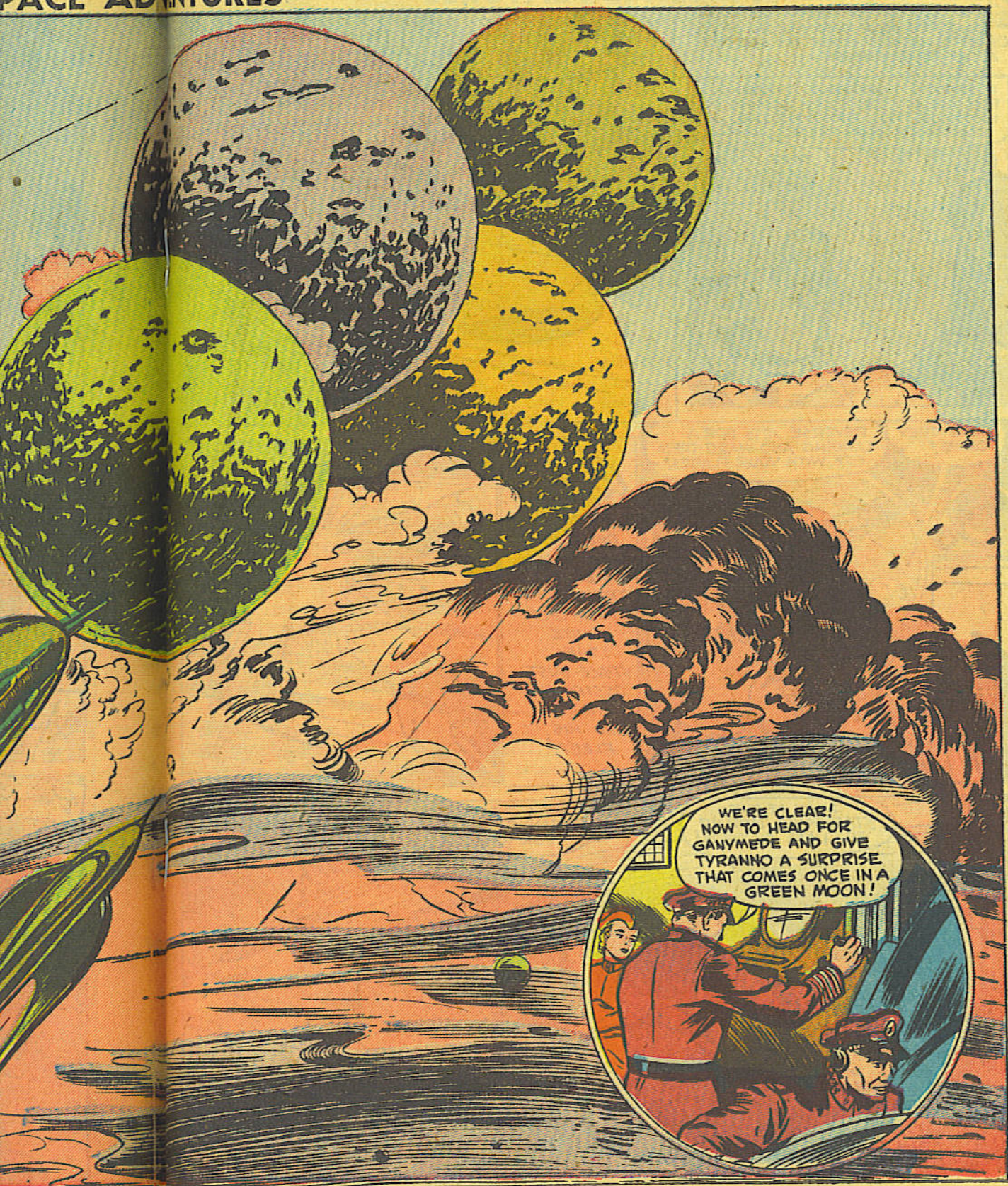
THEN... SUDDENLY!!!

REX! WE'RE
TAKING OFF.
BUT HOW?

CALL IT OPERATION "MOON LIFT!"
THOSE FOUR BIG ORBS HAVE
COMBINED THEIR TIDAL PULL,
REDUCING JUPITER'S
GRAVITY JUST ENOUGH
FOR US TO CLEAR!

UNDER THE PULL OF THE MIGHTY MOONS, THE GREAT RED SPOT OF JUPITER QUIVERS! ITS MAMMOTH FLOATING CONTINENT HEAVES AND BUCKLES, TOSSED BY TOWERING WAVES OF LIQUID GAS, HUGE CLIFFS QUIVER AND CRUMBLE! BUT FROM THE MIDST OF THIS STUPENDOUS CATAclysm, THE OFFICERS' CRAFT AND THE STARITANIA SPIRAL UP IN THE TAPERING SHADOWS OF THE FOURFOLD ECLIPSE, AND FIND THEIR PATH TO FREEDOM FROM THE GRAVEYARD OF THE SKY!!!!

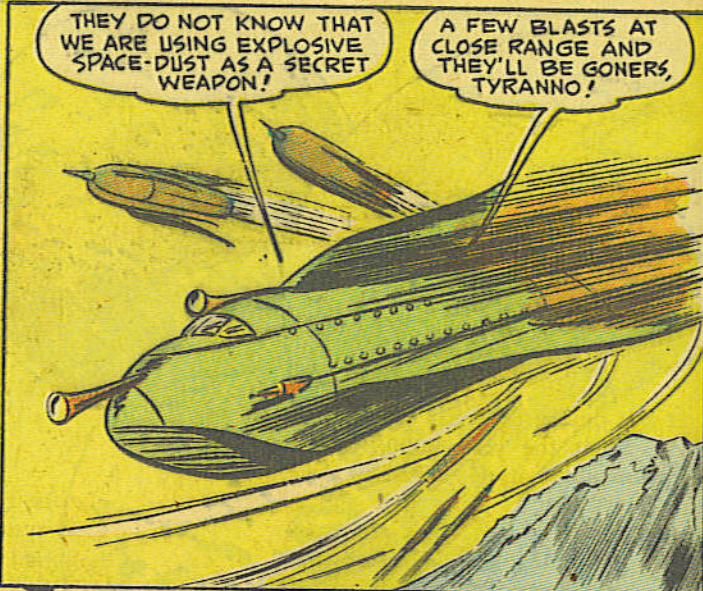




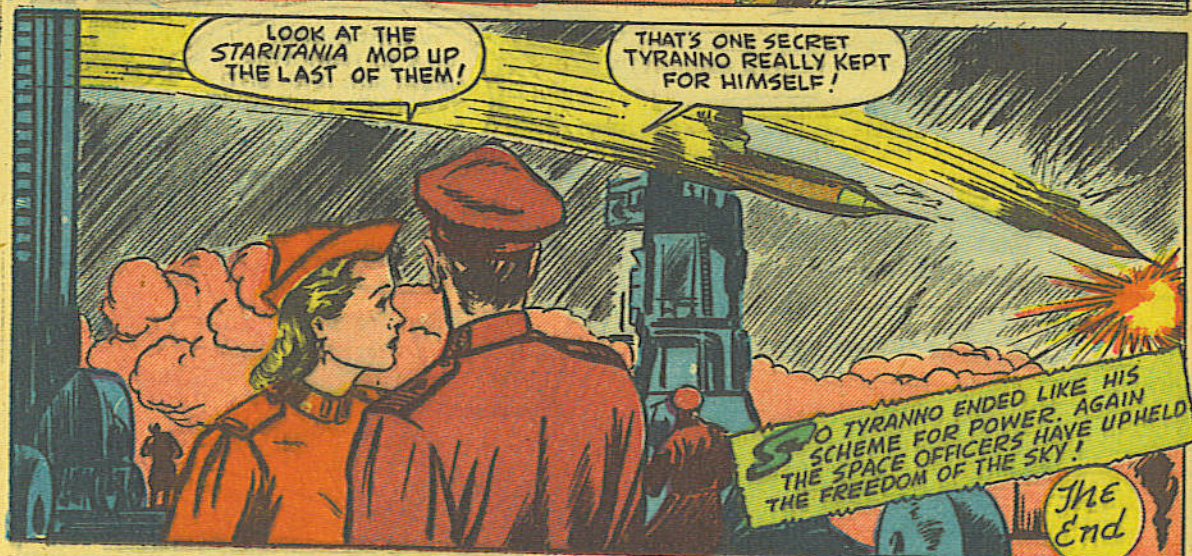
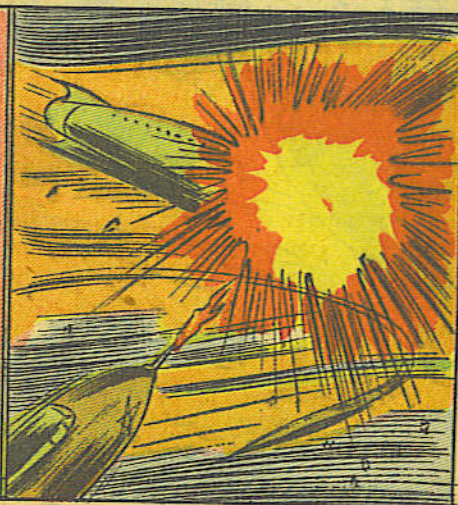
WE'RE CLEAR!
NOW TO HEAD FOR
GANYMEDE AND GIVE
TYRANNO A SURPRISE
THAT COMES ONCE IN A
GREEN MOON!

SPACE ADVENTURES

GATHERING SPEED FROM A 125,000 MILES PER HOUR TAKE-OFF THE SPACE OFFICERS RAPIDLY COVER THE 660,000 MILES TO GANYMEDE....



AS THE GANYMEDE FIGHTERS DELIVER THEIR BLASTS, STABS FROM THE OFFICERS' SPACEFLEET IGNITE THE SPACE-DUST, DESTROYING TYRANNO AND HIS FLEET!



Revolt of the ROBOTS

SPACE ADVENTURES

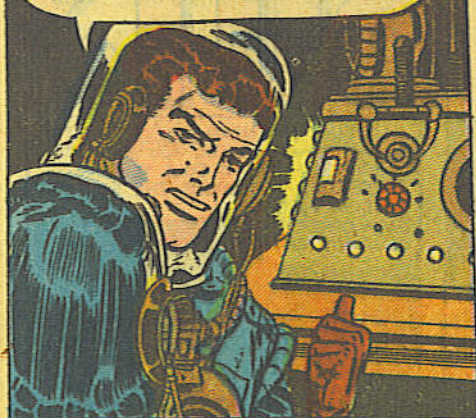


DECIMA, THE TENTH MOON OF JUPITER... ONLY 15 MILES IN DIAMETER, BUT RICH IN IRON ORE / HERE, ROBOTS WORK AWAY, MINING THE USEFUL METAL..... NOW, JAK BARV, MANAGER OF THE DECIMA IRON MINE, IS RETURNING FROM HIS HONEYMOON WITH HIS BRIDE MAIDA, TO RESUME HIS ROUTINE JOB!



SPACE ADVENTURES

YES, THESE ARE THE CONTROLS, BUT WE DON'T BOTHER WITH THEM UNLESS SOMETHING GOES WRONG....WHICH IS VERY SELDOM....



LATER

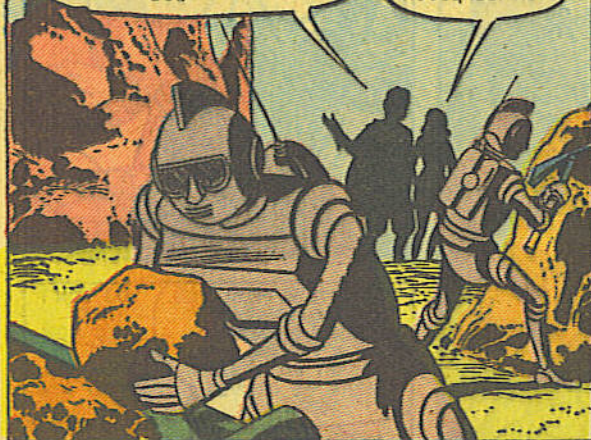
THESE ROBOTS ARE REALLY HUMANOIDS. THAT IS, THEY ARE EQUIPPED WITH A SECOND-HAND BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T FUNCTION FOR HUMANS....BUT WILL DO FOR ROBOTS...

BUT WHY DO THEY NEED BRAINS AT ALL?



AN ORDINARY ROBOT WOULD NOT CONCENTRATE ON A JOB, THE WAY THESE MACHINES DO..

I SEE. WELL, SUPPOSE I GO BACK AND START HOUSEKEEPING.



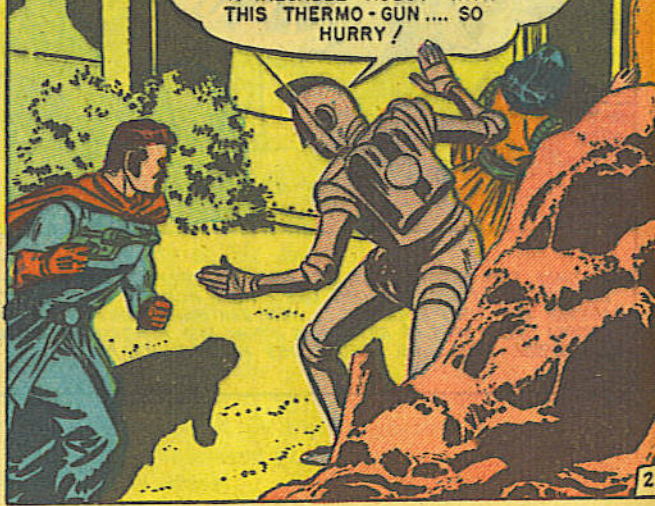
I ONLY HOPE NONE OF THOSE HUMANOID ROBOTS START TO CONCENTRATE ON ME!



JAK!!! HELP!



GET INSIDE AND CUT OFF THE CONTROLS, MAIDA! I HATE TO MELT A VALUABLE ROBOT WITH THIS THERMO-GUN.... SO HURRY!

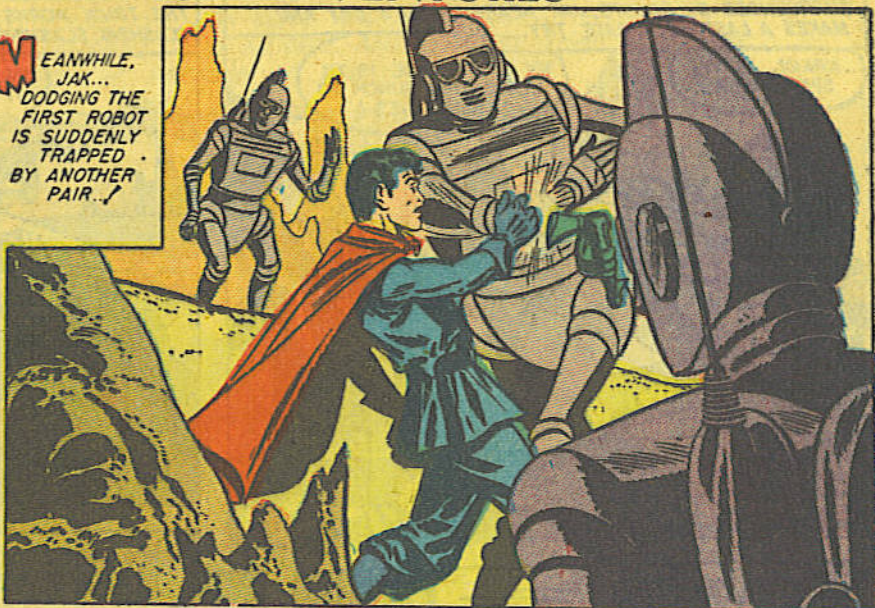


SPACE ADVENTURES

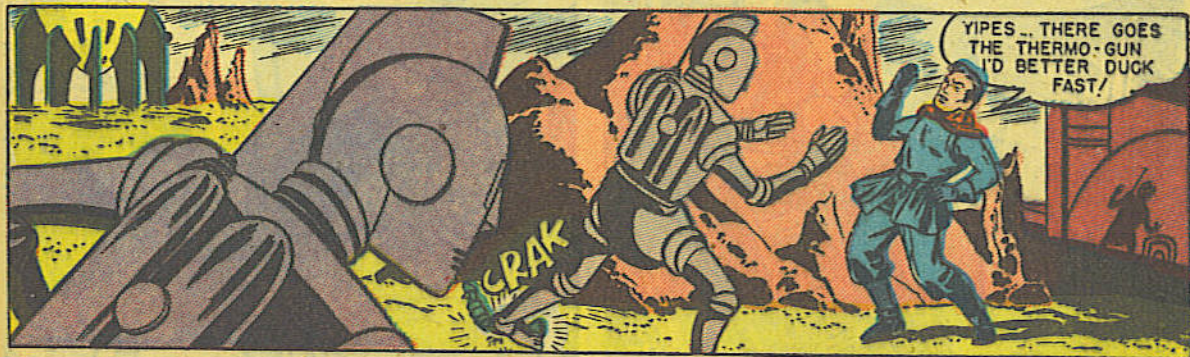
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE CONTROLS! THEY DON'T WORK!



MEANWHILE, JAK... DODGING THE FIRST ROBOT IS SUDDENLY TRAPPED BY ANOTHER PAIR..!



YIPES... THERE GOES THE THERMO-GUN! I'D BETTER DUCK FAST!



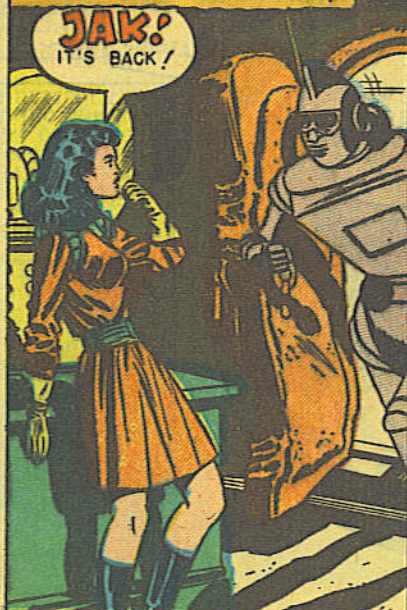
THE TROUBLE WITH THIS GAME IS THAT I'LL GET TIRED, BUT THESE TIN-POTS WON'T!

BONNG



MEANWHILE, THE FIRST ROBOT RETURNS TO ITS ORIGINAL PREY!

JAK!
IT'S BACK!

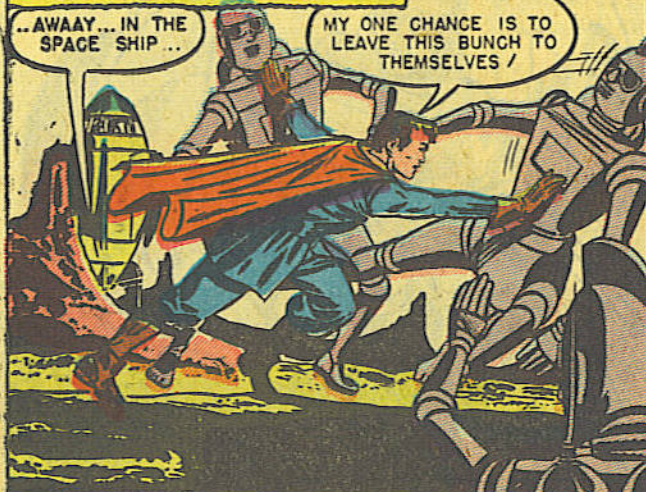


JAK..... IT'S GOING TO TAKE ME AWAYYYY.....



SPACE ADVENTURES

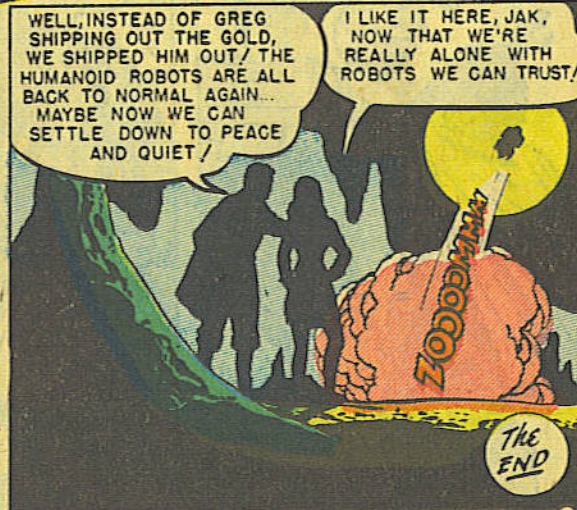
SURROUNDED BY ROBOTS, JAK HEARS MAIDA'S CRY AND MAKES A LAST DESPERATE TRY.....



THE TRICK WORKS / JAK LEAVES THE ROBOTS GLASHING, SLASHING EACH OTHER APART.....



LATER...

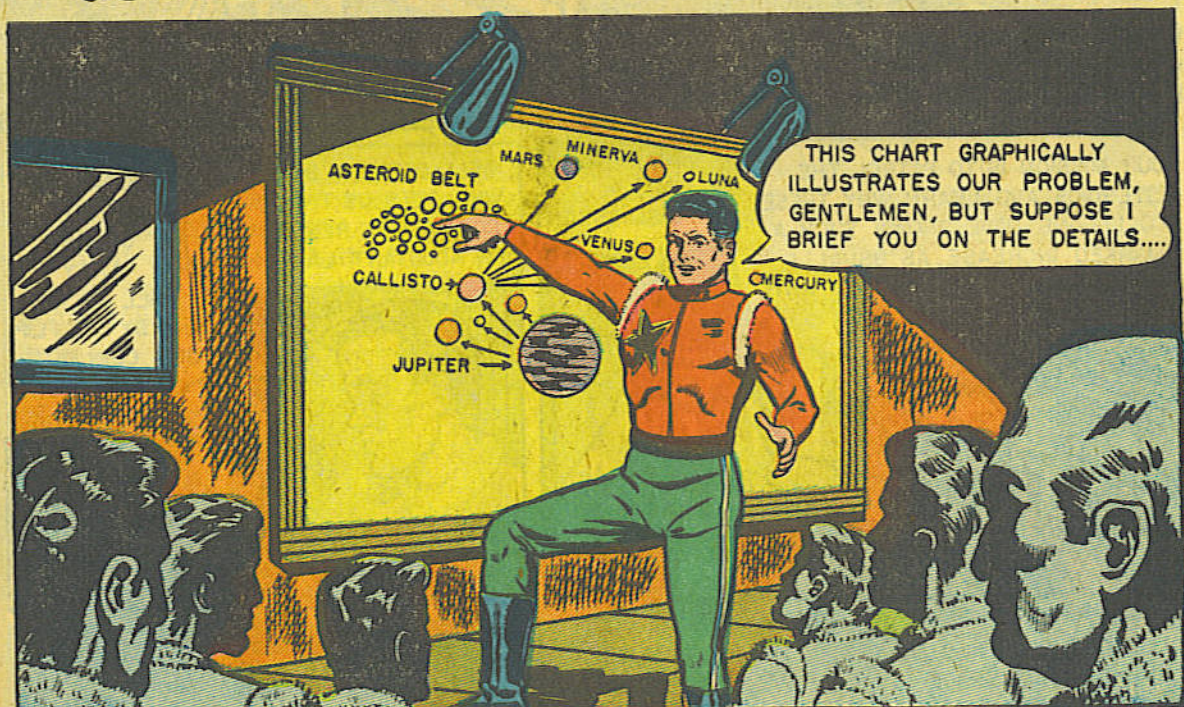


SPACE ADVENTURES

IN THE YEAR 2552 A.D., COMMODORE REX CLIVE AND HIS SPACE OFFICERS ARE CONFRONTED WITH THE GREATEST COMBINATION OF MENACE AND MYSTERY THAT HAS EVER THREATENED THE FREEDOM OF THE SPACEWAYS !!!

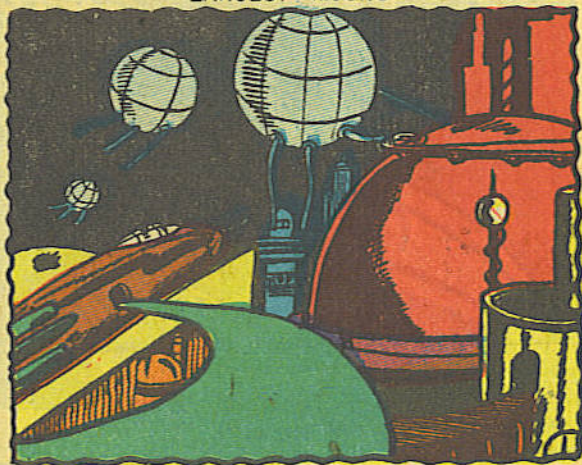
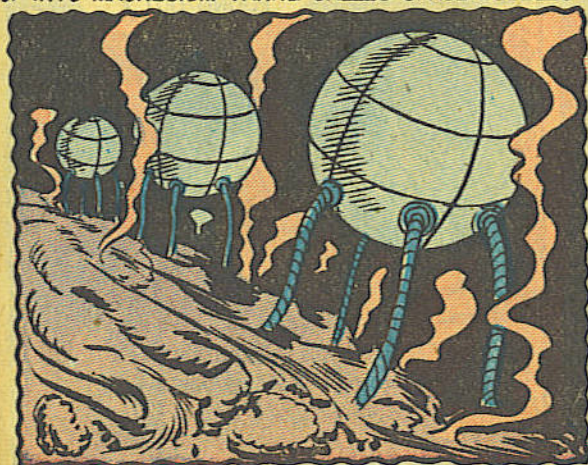
THE SPACE OFFICERS BATTLE

THE SMUGGLERS OF CALLISTO



EVERY SPACE-PREP STUDENT KNOWS THAT THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET JUPITER TEEMS WITH VAST CLOUDS OF METHANE GAS, WHICH IS PIPED UP INTO MAGNESIUM TANKS CALLED SPACE-BUBBLES"

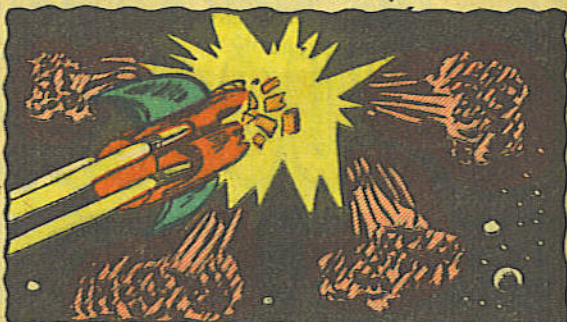
"EQUIPPED WITH GRAVITY-REPELLERS, THE SPACE-BUBBLES CARRY THE CRUDE METHANE TO THE REFINERIES ON CALLISTO, ONE OF JUPITER'S LARGEST MOONS"



SPACE ADVENTURES

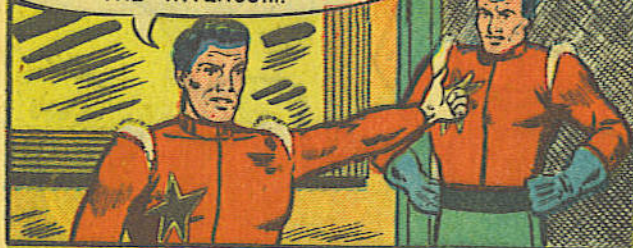
THERE, THE METHANE IS PURIFIED, LIQUEFIED AND PACKAGED IN GREAT SPACE-TANKERS WHICH FOLLOW DIRECT ROUTES TO THE EARTH AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE INNER PLANETARY GROUP.....

HOWEVER, THESE LANES LEAD DIRECTLY THROUGH THE ASTEROID BELT OF 50,000 MINOR PLANETS. METEOR-DEFLECTORS ARE USELESS WHEN A SPACE-TANKER STRIKES AN ASTEROID. THE CARGO IS BLASTED INSTANTLY!



OUR MISSION IS TO PATROL THE ASTEROIDS AND LEARN WHY THESE COLLISIONS HAVE SHOWN SUCH A MARKED INCREASE. AS USUAL, I SHALL KEEP CLOSE CONTACT WITH ADJUTANT LANSING OVER THE INTERCOM.

GROUP....
DISMISSED!



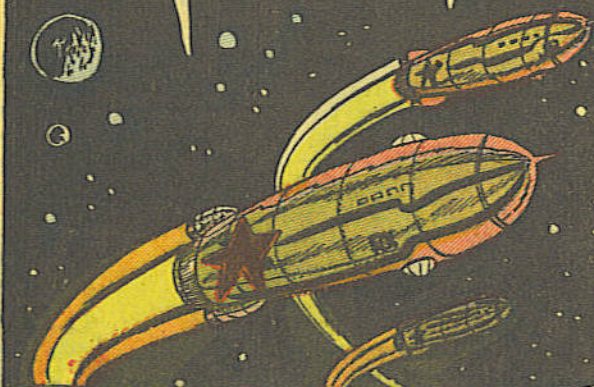
WELL, OFFICER BARRY, WHO GETS US THIS TIME.. COMMODORE REX CLIVE OR ADJUTANT LANSING?

PROBABLY, OFFICER JONES. THEY WILL DECIDE THAT BY THE FLIP OF A COIN, WITH THE LOSER TAKING US.



COMMODORE REX CLIVE SPEAKING. ALL SPACE-CRAFT FAN FOR INDIVIDUAL PATROL.

THAT COIN MUST HAVE LANDED ON EDGE, OFFICER BARRY. NOBODY GETS US THIS TIME!



LIKE A SPRAY OF GALACTIC FIREWORKS, THE SCOUT-CRAFT TAKE OFF FROM SPACEQUARTERS ON MINERVA.....

SAY, COMMODORE, THOSE VEST POCKET WORLDS ARE THICKER THAN ICEBERGS AT SEA!

THAT'S WHAT THE SPACE-TANKERS FOUND OUT!

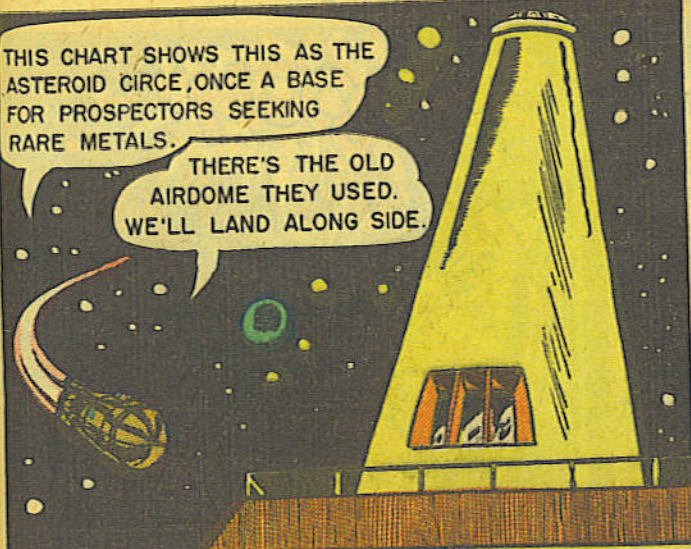


AND HITTING A MILLION-MILE AN HOUR CLIP, REX'S FLAGSHIP, THE RX, NEARS THE ASTEROID BELT.....

SPACE ADVENTURES

THIS CHART SHOWS THIS AS THE ASTEROID CIRCE, ONCE A BASE FOR PROSPECTORS SEEKING RARE METALS.

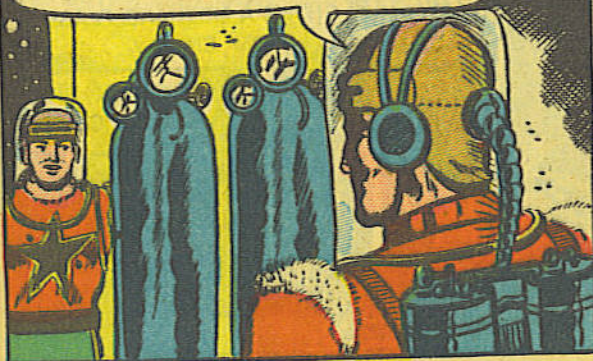
THERE'S THE OLD AIRDOME THEY USED. WE'LL LAND ALONG SIDE.



TAKE IT EASY, SERGEANT. EVEN WITH THE WEIGHT OF THOSE OXYGEN TANKS, GRAVITY IS SO SLIGHT ON CIRCE THAT A JUMP MIGHT CARRY YOU OFF INTO SPACE!



THE AEROMETER AND THE PRESSURE GAUGE SHOW PLENTY OF PURE AIR IN THIS OLD GHOST-DOME / WE CAN CONSERVE OUR OWN OXYGEN /



BUT WHERE DOES THE AIR COME FROM COMMODORE?

FROM LIQUID-AIR-VATS SUNK DEEP IN THE ASTEROIDS CORE. THEY FEED OUT VAPOR AUTOMATICALLY FOR YEARS.



I HOPE WE WON'T HAVE TO KEEP LOOKING FOR SPACE-TANKERS THAT LONG, COMMODORE /

WE PROBABLY WON'T, SERGEANT. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS IT SHOULD BE SOON /



REX CLIVE GUESSED RIGHT! ALREADY IN THE HEART OF CIRCE, INSIDIOUS HANDS ARE SPRINGING AN UNSUSPECTED TRAP !!!

CUT OFF THE LIQUID-AIR-SUPPLY, AND SWITCH IN THE OZONIC METHANE VAPOR. WE'LL GIVE THOSE SPACE OFFICERS A REAL SURPRISE!



SPACE ADVENTURES

ODD, THAT ODOR OF OZONE/
BUT IF ANYTHING, IT MEANS
THE AIR IS COMING STRONG!



COMMODORE, LOOK /
A SPACE-TANKER!

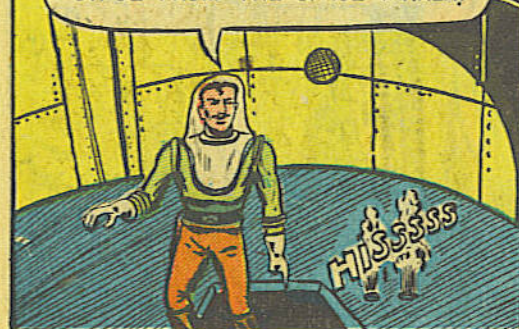
MY MUSCLES ARE FROZEN /
I CAN HARDLY
MOVE!



THE SAME WITH
ME, COMMODORE!

*FORTUNATELY, THE GRAVITY ON CIRCE IS
SO TRIFLING THAT A SERIOUS FALL IS
IMPOSSIBLE.... BUT AS REX AND THE
SERGEANT DRIFT DOWNWARD, A NEW
MENACE APPEARS....*

WELL, WELL, THE METHOZONE
WORKS PERFECTLY! CUT IT
OFF NOW SO I CAN ADMIT CAPTAIN
CYPOL FROM THE SPACE-TANKER!



SHE'S EXPLODING METHANE
SPACE-BOMBS TO MAKE IT LOOK
AS IF THE TANKER CRASHED THIS
ASTEROID/ COME ON, SERGEANT---
WE'LL GET BACK TO THE RX AND
CHALLENGE THAT TANKER!

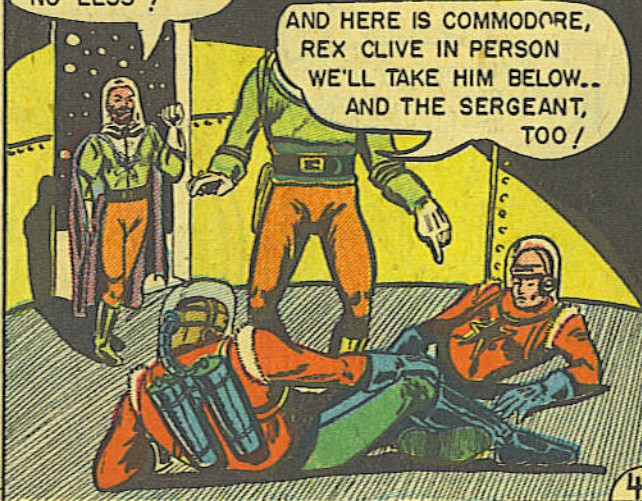
THE SPECTROPLATE
SHOWS A METHANE FLASH
FROM CIRCE!

ANOTHER SPACE
TANKER GONE UP



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS OUT-
SIDE, SOQ? A SPACE-CRAFT
WITH A COMMODORE'S INSIGNIA
NO LESS!

AND HERE IS COMMODORE,
REX CLIVE IN PERSON
WE'LL TAKE HIM BELOW..
AND THE SERGEANT,
TOO!



SPACE ADVENTURES

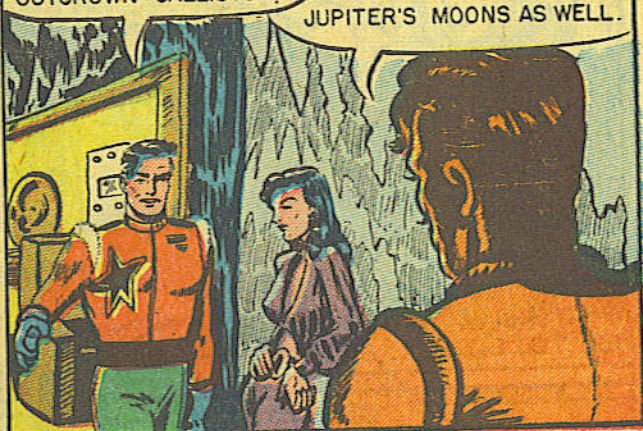
**TAKEN
DEEP INTO
THE
ASTEROID,
REX CLIVE
LEARNS
THE FULL
EXTENT OF
ZOO'S
FIENDISH
SCHEME**

NOW THAT YOU'VE RECUPERATED FROM THE METHANE TREATMENT, COMMODORE, I SHALL INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM ZOO, THE CALIPH OF CALLISTO. THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, KARA.



I'VE HEARD OF YOU, ZOO. WHAT'S HAPPENED... HAVE YOU OUTGROWN CALLISTO?

YES, AND THE REST OF JUPITER'S MOONS AS WELL.



BY FAKING THESE TANKER EXPLOSIONS, I HAVE STORED A HUNDRED METHANE-LOADED SHIPS IN SECRET PORTS AMONG THE ASTEROIDS. I SHALL USE THEIR FUEL FOR AN ATTACK ON YOUR EARTH AND OTHER INNER PLANETS!



THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO PREVENT THE INVASION, COMMODORE. I SHALL HAVE CAPTAIN CYPOL PITCH YOU AND YOUR STUPID SERGEANT FAR OUT IN SPACE FROM HIS TANKER, WHICH LEAVES AS SOON AS HE HAS UNLOADED SOME METHANE.



THEY'VE GIVEN US RUN OF THE PLACE, COMMODORE, BUT WE'RE UNARMED!

ALL WE NEED IS A SECRET WEAPON AND I THINK WE CAN FIND ONE. COME ON, SERGEANT!



HERE'S THE SECRET WEAPON, ZOO'S DAUGHTER KARA!

WHY, YOU FOOLS!



SPACE ADVENTURES



METHANE / PERFECT / WE'LL PUT YOU RIGHT INTO THIS EMPTY DRUM /

IF I SCREAM FOR HELP, ZOQ WILL KNOCK US ALL OUT WITH A METHANE SPRAY AND SETTLE YOU TWO LATER /



IT STILL HAS ENOUGH METHANE FUMES TO PUT YOU BYE-BYE...

NO USE TELLING HER, COMMODORE. SHE'S BYE-BYE ALREADY.



HURRY WITH THOSE BARRELS /

THEY'RE ROLLING KARA ON BOARD WITH US, COMMODORE. BUT WHAT CHANCE WILL WE HAVE TO FIND HER BARREL ?

PLENTY /



....AND WHY SHOULD ZOQ BE SHIPPING US AWAY ALIVE? ONLY BECAUSE HE MISTRUSTS CYPOL AND EXPECTS HIM TO SHOW HIS HAND. IF HE DOES, I'LL PLAY IT /

YOU GOT SOMETHING, COMMODORE /



REX REALLY CALLED THE TURN ! ONCE THE SPACE-TANKER WAS ON IT'S WAY, CAPT. CYPOL HAD HIM BROUGHT TO THE CABIN....

HERE'S A DEAL, CLIVE. I'LL LET YOU FREE SO THAT YOU AND YOUR OFFICERS CAN KNOCK OFF ZOQ, IN RETURN.....



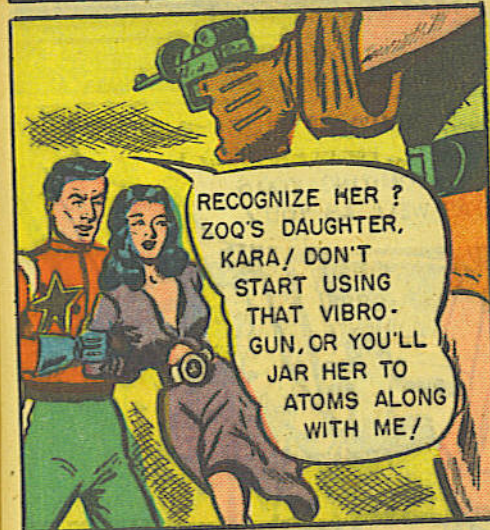
YOU'RE TO MAKE NO MENTION OF THE HUNDRED SHIPS OF METHANE. I'LL BOOTLEG THE STUFF TO THE INNER PLANETS AND CUT YOU IN ON THE PROFITS !

LET'S GET SARGE AND BRING HIM ALONG. THEN I'LL GIVE YOU MY ANSWER /

SPACE ADVENTURES

YOU CAN PUT SARGE AND MYSELF IN A COUPLE OF THESE EMPTY DRUMS AND SMUGGLE US ASHORE, CYPOL!

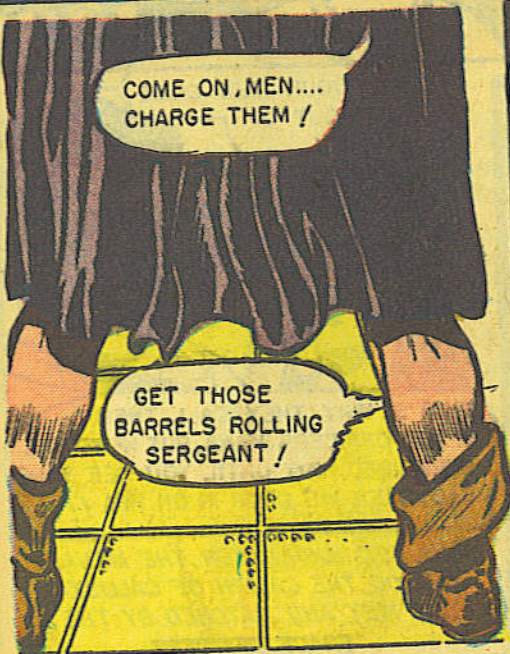
HERE'S ONE THAT LOOKS VERY NICE AND VERY COMFORTABLE!



RECOGNIZE HER? ZOQ'S DAUGHTER, KARA! DON'T START USING THAT VIBRO-GUN, OR YOU'LL JAR HER TO ATOMS ALONG WITH ME!

COME ON, MEN... CHARGE THEM!

GET THOSE BARRELS ROLLING SERGEANT!



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, CYPOL, FOR DEALING WITH THE PRISONERS! ZOQ SENT ME ALONG TO WATCH YOU!

TIP THE DRUM, SERGEANT, AND LET HIM SEE WHO'S IN IT!



...AND YOU TOO, CYPOL! YOU'RE IN THIS AS DEEP AS WE ARE. MAYBE DEEPER, SO KEEP THEM ROLLING...!

...AND GRAB THAT RAY-GUN CYPOL!



SPACE ADVENTURES

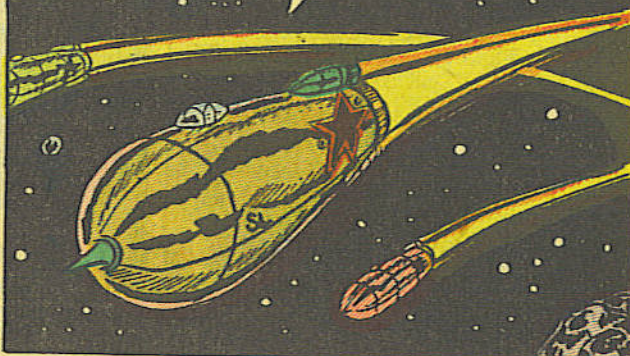
WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES BELOW, REX GETS TO THE CONTROL ROOM AND CONTACTS HIS OFFICERS....

COMMODORE REX CLIVE CALLING ALL SPACE OFFICERS...CALLING ALL OFFICERS....

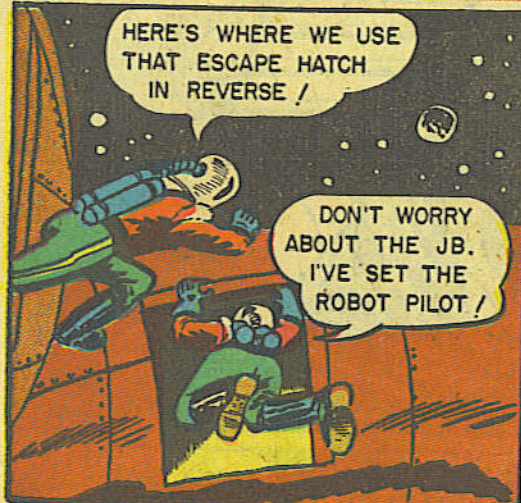


I'M SO DIZZY
I FEEL LIKE I WAS
ON A SPACE
SHIP!

ADJUTANT LANSING,
CALLING ALL OFFICERS /
SCAN RADAR FIELD FOR
SPACE-TANKER AND
FOLLOW BEAM!

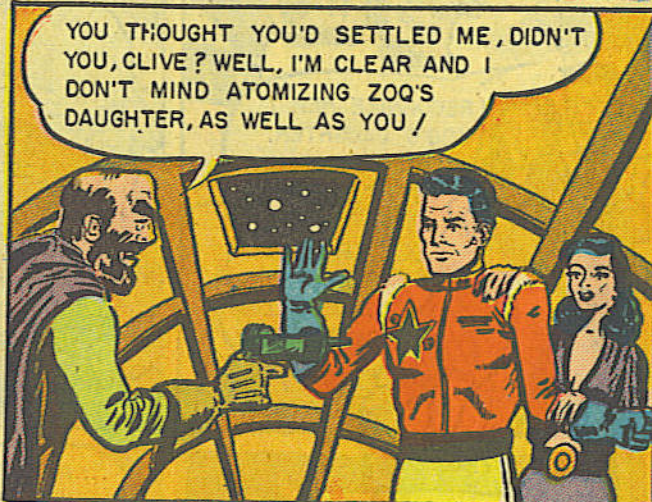


HERE'S WHERE WE USE
THAT ESCAPE HATCH
IN REVERSE!



DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THE JB.
I'VE SET THE
ROBOT PILOT!

YOU THOUGHT YOU'D SETTLED ME, DIDN'T
YOU, CLIVE? WELL, I'M CLEAR AND I
DON'T MIND ATOMIZING ZOQ'S
DAUGHTER, AS WELL AS YOU!



NICE WORK, OFFICERS!

IF THERE ARE MORE, THEY'RE
IN THE BAG, COMMODORE.
ADJUTANT LANSING IS HERE
WITH THE WHOLE SQUADRON!



WHY...YOUR MEN CAME
RIGHT OUT OF
SPACE!



THAT'S WHY THEY CALL THEM
SPACE OFFICERS, KARA, BUT IF YOU'RE
SURPRISED, WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE YOUR
DAD, WHEN WE DROP IN ON HIM !!

AND, NOT MUCH LATER, THE MENACE
OF ZOQ, THE CALIPH OF CALLISTO,
WAS MET AND MATCHED BY THE
SPACE OFFICERS...